As they are ſharing, the Prince & Poynes
Prin. Your money. *ſet vpon them, they all run away, and Fal-*
Poyn. Villaines. *ſtaffe after a blow or two, runs away too,*
leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweats to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roard! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let mee ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd, our friend true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. Zounds and I were now by this raſcal, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father my vncle, and my ſelfe, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Dowglaſſe* haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcall is this and Infidell? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I
ſelfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing ſuch a di
with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let h
we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night.
How now *Kate*, I muſt leaue you within the
Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus a
For what offence haue I this fortnight beene
A baniſht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the ea
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy ch
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of the
To thicke-eyd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding
Cry courage to the field: And thou haſt talk
Of ſallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of cannon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at warre
And thus hath ſo beſturd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat haue ſtood vpon thy bro
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appeard
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breat
On ſome greet ſudden haſte. O what portents a
Some heauy buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.
Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe Horſes fro
Ser. One Horſe, my Lord, he brought euen
Hot. What Horſe? a Roane, a crop-eare, is it